

SELECTION

Pilot Episode

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TEASER

TITLE CARD: "ANCHORAGE, ALASKA 2075"

FADE IN:

Slowly filling the screen is an INSIGNIA...

It reads: "THE DEPARTMENT OF PRESERVATION (D.O.P)"

INT. THE DEPARTMENT OF PRESERVATION - MORNING

As the governmental seal fades - a woman appears with a WHITE VOID behind her as a background. She has a kind smile, soft voice and deep eyes. Perhaps she is a real person - perhaps she is an A.I. creation. In any case, she commands our attention. This is the SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION (40's).

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION
Good morning. On behalf of the
Department of Preservation, which
represents every citizen of
Anchorage - I want to thank you for
your participation here today. And
commend everyone for the sacrifices
made on a daily basis to ensure the
sustainability of our city-state.

As the Secretary continues, a MONTAGE of propagandistic IMAGES fill the white void as we listen to her voice.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- *A technologically advanced city of Anchorage, Alaska.*
- *Towering futuristic architecture.*
- *Verdant vertical farming structures.*
- *Electric transit systems and self-driving vehicles.*
- *Wind operated farms throughout Cook Inlet.*

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION
Because of you, our city offers
hope to the rest of the world. We
stand together facing history's
greatest threat, as Earth struggles
to survive. But with the guidance
of our very own Horizon Enterprises-

A majestic SKYSCRAPER glimmers on the screen.

CLOSE-ON: A **HORIZON ENTERPRISES** logo emblazoned across it.

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION
We have turned an existential
threat into the ability to thrive.
(MORE)

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION (CONT'D)

It was the vision of Horizon's original founder, Jeff Brent, to make this world a better place...

CLOSE-ON: A PORTRAIT of JEFF BRENT (76) comes before us.

An elderly man with a white beard and impressive suit. His birth and death year below the picture: 1990-2066

Followed by the PEACEFUL sights of:

- Deer drinking from a river.
- Butterflies landing on a flower.
- Children running in a field.
- A large diverse family sitting together at dinner.

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION

Our great society is offering solutions to serious challenges. Battling the effects of climate change with science and dignity.

CHAOTIC images suddenly appear:

- Hurricanes ripping apart houses.
- Fires decimating forests.
- Arid desert ghost towns.
- Flooded streets washing away large objects.
- Highways and bridges collapsing from earthquakes.

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION

But the rest of the world is not so fortunate. Other governments did not heed our warnings nor implement our strategies. So it is now up to us, to make sure Anchorage is the light that mankind will follow.

Captured VIDEO from around the world:

- Sand filling the streets of Dubai.
- Soldiers dumping bodies into mass graves.
- Discarded vehicles scattered on the streets of Paris.
- A mobilized military surrounding the White House.

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION

Our beloved home is the last bastion, for life on Earth as we know it. You are here today because you believe in Anchorage, you believe in Horizon Enterprises and you believe in Jeff Brent's vision - carried out by Horizon's newest CEO, Grayson Minx.

CLOSE-ON: A portrait of **GRAYSON MINX (47)**.

A blond, albino looking man of fierce intelligence.

Transition into a presentation of SCIENTIFIC ADVANCEMENTS:

- Horizon labs desalinizing ocean water.*
- Scientists genetically fabricating meat products.*
- Engineers huddling over designs of "The Wall."*

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION

You are here because life behind the wall is our best chance for survival.
If you didn't believe that, you
wouldn't be here. We pray for the day
Selection will no longer be necessary.

HOPEFUL images for the future are displayed:

- Students in a modern classroom learning and smiling.*
- Citizens watching an Inuit dance performance in a park.*
- A pregnant couple embrace, touching the mother's stomach.*
- Children releasing floating lanterns into the air.*

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION

However - if today you should find
yourself in the small percentage of
those selected, the world is indebted
to your sacrifice. Know that you are
a hero, like the front line soldiers
of past world wars. Like the first
astronauts braving the stratosphere.

Past HISTORICAL ACHIEVEMENTS appear next:

- C Company landing on Normandy during WWII.*
- Neil Armstrong during the lunar landing.*
- Firefighters charging into the World Trade Center on 9/11.*

END MONTAGE:

Returning to the screen is the sole image of the Secretary of Preservation's FACE. She concludes her message...

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION

We will succeed. We will look to a
future beyond the wall - to rebuild,
replant, and repopulate the world. I
thank you - your family thanks you
and humanity thanks you for your
participation here today...

FADE OUT.

The DEPARTMENT OF PRESERVATION **INSIGNIA** refills the screen.

MATCH CUT TO:

The DEPARTMENT OF PRESERVATION **INSIGNIA** on a HANDHELD DEVICE.

Written beneath the seal is the following...

CLOSE-ON TEXT: **ORDER OF DEPORTATION**

INT. RESIDENTIAL BUILDING (LIVING ROOM) - MORNING

SISTER (24) holds the DEVICE, as her BROTHER (22) bustles around an apartment throwing items into a duffle bag.

SISTER
Are you an idiot?

BROTHER
Hey!

SISTER
No, I'm serious! Are you dumb? Is something wrong with your brain? You are choosing *Deportation* over *Selection*? Are you INSANE!

He continues tossing things into his bag haphazardly.

BROTHER
I am the one selected, and I am choosing NOT to sacrifice myself.

SISTER
Stop! Please! It's my job to look out for you. I promised I would -

BROTHER
This is my choice! My name is on the Selection notice not yours. I don't want to be euthanized like some old dog.

SISTER
There's less than a 1% chance!!

BROTHER
So they say! I don't know what my QVS score is but it can't be good.

SISTER
What do you think is out there on the other side of the wall?

BROTHER

There's an entire fucking world!
We don't hear about it in here but
maybe everything is just fine and
they don't want us to know.

A KNOCK comes at the door.

BROTHER

Shit!

Grabs blankets and a jacket, stuffs them in the bag.

SISTER

(crying)

Do you have any food? Medicine?

He runs into the kitchen and grabs some sealed packs of food.

BROTHER

I'll be fine.

Another loud KNOCK at the door.

SISTER

You can stop this. You can!
Tell them you changed your mind!

He stands in front of her and looks her in the eye.

BROTHER

It's going to be okay. Trust me.

Kisses her forehead. She hugs him, sobbing.

BROTHER (CONT'D)

I gotta go. Love you, sis.
I'll be back. You'll see.

He leaves her in tears and opens the front door.

Department of Preservation OFFICERS STEFAN KOLEV (40's) and
JONATHAN WALKER (30's) stand in the doorway.

OFFICER WALKER

Emil Richardson? You were scheduled
to appear at the Evacuation Center.

BROTHER

Yeah, yeah. I'm leaving now.

OFFICER KOLEV

We'll take you...

Brother looks back to his Sister. She shakes her head. He attempts a smile and follows the Officers outside...

EXT. DEPORTATION CENTER - SOON AFTER

A razor wire topped fence creates an anterior holding area leading to the large metal doors at the base of

THE WALL

Perhaps A HUNDRED FEET TALL, this behemoth of construction expands further than the eye can see. It SEPARATES the city-state of Anchorage from the world beyond it. Brother looks up at it while being ushered. At this close angle, the assembly is seen with an intimidating majesty. The opaque color of material suggest a formidable girth.

HOLDING AREA

Officers Kolev and Walker lead Brother to a line of distressed looking people weighed down by their belongings. Kolev points to the end of the line...

OFFICER WALKER

Thank you for your participation.

Brother walks hesitantly toward the congested group.

OFFICER KOLEV

(to Walker)

Why do you say that? He's not participating, he's leaving.

OFFICER WALKER

Well, that is a form of participation too, right?

OFFICER KOLEV

You have no tact.

The Officers turn and walk back to their vehicle...

The line of people continue moving forward. As the gate locks behind them, a LARGE METAL DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

EXT. ANCHORAGE BORDER - CONTINUOUS

The other side of The Wall is revealed. An identical razor fence is seen but it holds back throngs of *starving, crazed humans* SCREAMING MANIACALLY. GUARDS beat at the hands reaching through with their batons. As Brother moves through the tunnel into the throws of the outside world

Hundreds of thousands of REFUGEES -

beyond the main entrance of the wall are now seen. Abandoned cars connect to makeshift homes and tents. Strung together, it looks like a shanty city barely clinging to civilization. The dead and the dying are hard to distinguish. This is the armpit of humanity. This is the future...

Brother turns back around running, yelling for help.

BROTHER

Wait! I change my mind! I want to
go to Selection. I'll participate!
Please! I change my mind!

END OF TEASER

ACT I

TITLE CARD: **SELECTION**

Twilight nears as first sunlight comes in from the east...

EXT./INT. HORIZON HEADQUARTERS - EARLY MORNING

High above The Wall and towering over surrounding buildings is
A MASSIVE GLASS SKYSCRAPER

The structure is located between a developed CITY CENTER and the wall's interior. The building looms over the dividing partition, providing the perfect view of both the protected city and the anarchistic camp outside of it. Standing alone, it marks itself as the main landmark of Anchorage, Alaska...

TOP FLOOR / EXECUTIVE SUITES

The structure is owned by **HORIZON ENTERPRISES** - the single governing entity of the city. BOARD MEMBERS and trusted PERSONNEL occupy the apex on the 37th floor. All of the rooms and hallways exude a precise sense of design. The ceiling's lighting runs from solar paneling sensors and the spacious wooden floors are equipped with thermal technology. The area is still quiet at this early morning hour...

SECRETARIES (30-40's) type on screen-less computers in the main lobby well. The hardware in front of them is beyond cutting edge. AUGMENTED REALITY glasses reflect the information they are inputting. Pacing outside one of the office doors is PHILLIP STANTON (20's). Clearly new to these surroundings, he nervously rubs his hands while staring at an

INFORMATION STREAM RUNNING ALONG THE PRIMARY WALL

CLOSE ON STREAM: **"7:59 a.m."**

HORIZON LEADERSHIP (40-50's) begin to enter the space from a nearby elevator. They pass through the main junction on the way to their offices. It should be noted that everyone (including the Secretaries) all wear **IDENTICAL BLACK WRISTWATCHES**. A debonair man, BRUCE KATZ (51), observes the anxious gentleman standing outside of his office.

EXT./INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

He smiles politely at the young protege before him.

BRUCE KATZ
Morning...

PHILLIP STANTON
Good morning, sir.

Katz applies a THUMBPRINT SCAN to the exterior of his door.

BRUCE KATZ
Prompt men make the best husbands...
says my wife.

PHILLIP STANTON
Never been married...

BRUCE KATZ
Lucky you. Come on in...

The office OPENS as they go inside. Katz drops off his briefcase and then goes to turn on the computer at his desk.

PHILLIP STANTON
Mr. Katz, I'd just like to take this opportunity to say thank you. I'm honored to be of service to Mr. Minx and the Horizon community -

BRUCE KATZ
Relax, Phil. It's too early to be stressed. Have you eaten? What's your blood sugar reading?

Points to his wristwatch.

PHILLIP STANTON
... I had a yogurt, sir.

BRUCE KATZ
Come on, let's get you settled in.

They exit the office.

LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

As they walk on through, a Secretary grabs their attention.

SECRETARY
Mr. Katz, you have an urgent message waiting from the D.O.P.

BRUCE KATZ
I'll take it back in my office.

BRUCE KATZ
(smirks at Phil)
Department of Preservation...

They turn down a hallway and approach a large CONFERENCE ROOM at the far end. An SECURITY GUARD (40) mans the door.

BRUCE KATZ
Has he come up yet?

SECURITY GUARD
No, Mr. Katz...

BRUCE KATZ
Well, I'll show it anyway.
This is Phil. Mr. Minx's new
amenities officer.

He nods as Katz places his face into a FACE SCANNER outside the conference room door. It OPENS as they proceed inside...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A palatial suite surrounds them. Wall to wall windows. Fiber optic telecommunication systems. A "Last Supper" sized table. Luxury ergonomic chairs. Feels like the Oval Office. Phil gazes around the decadent room as Katz closes the door.

BRUCE KATZ
Good to be the boss, right?
Don't worry, I'll be by your side
until you learn his routine.

PHILLIP STANTON
How should I... behave around him?

BRUCE KATZ
Don't act like a robot. Just be a
competent human and you'll do fine.

PHILLIP STANTON
Competent human... noted.

BRUCE KATZ
He always has his morning tea in the
conference room. Culinary will help,
but you'll need to steep it.

PHILLIP STANTON
What kind of tea?

BRUCE KATZ
Silver needle. No lemon, no honey.
Don't burn him and you're hired.

PHILLIP STANTON
Yes, sir.

The wristwatch on Katz's arm starts BEEPING. Glances at it.

BRUCE KATZ

... Looks like I need to deal with this now. Why don't you just - look around until I get back.

Phil nods. Katz turns to leave but then stops himself.

BRUCE KATZ

Oh, and one more thing... smile. Don't look so serious, Stanton. The guy your replacing just killed himself, try and make him forget all that. Be... happy-go-lucky.

Katz leaves the office as Phil walks around. He touches the table, which is varnished like a Stradivarius. Starts taking in all the elements, which feel like a hybrid of government and Silicon Valley. Every chair is outfitted with HAND KEYBOARDS that connect to corresponding TABLE SCREENS.

As he makes his way toward the back, Phil walks over to the LONG HORIZONTAL WINDOWS that outline the edges of the room. They look down over the city far below. He notices a switch next to one of the panels. Out of mere curiosity he PRESSES on it. The light in the room suddenly goes from *bright* to *dim*. All of the windows darken like transition lenses...

A HOLOGRAM OF AN AQUARIUM IS DISPLAYED ACROSS THE SUITE

The walls are now covered with realistic images of *swimming tropical fish*... Seconds later, a personal ASSISTANT (30's) enters in talking with the revered **GRAYSON MINX (47) - CEO OF HORIZON ENTERPRISES**. He wears a t-shirt under his blazer along with pristine, blonde, albino-like hair.

ASSISTANT

Both the advisory board and the security council will meet on Thursday for the review. Did you need me to schedule anyone else?

GRAYSON MINX

No, but remind Dayton's engineers -

Grayson and his Assistant halt their conversation as they notice both the dim lighting and Phil's presence in it. He stands embarrassed against the wall as *zebrafish* and *tiger sharks* swim across his suit.

GRAYSON MINX

... they need to join us as well.

ASSISTANT

Yes, sir. I'll... take care of it.

Silence. Confused, the assistant awkwardly exits the room.

GRAYSON MINX

Hello...

PHILLIP STANTON

Good morning Mr. Minx, I'm Phillip Stanton your new amenities officer.

GRAYSON MINX

Oh... welcome to the 37th floor.

PHILLIP STANTON

An honor to be here... Is there anything I can do to be of service?

Grayson looks around.

GRAYSON MINX

You can kill the fish...

Phil flips OFF the hologram returning things to normal.

PHILLIP STANTON

My apologies, sir.

GRAYSON MINX

It's okay. I forgot that we even programmed that in...

The revolving door continues as Katz returns into the room.

BRUCE KATZ

Grayson... you're here. I see you've met Phil. Top of his class. Third generation Alaskan.

GRAYSON MINX

That so...

BRUCE KATZ

Phil... Would you mind checking on Mr. Minx's tea? 28th floor.

PHILLIP STANTON

Um... right away, Mr. Katz.

Phil exits the room, closing the door behind him.

BRUCE KATZ

Sweet kid, hope he works out. How's

the prep on Fire Island coming? You talk to Neal?

GRAYSON MINX
We'll know more Thursday.

BRUCE KATZ
Great... that's great.

Grayson turns on a computer at the table. Silence.

GRAYSON MINX
Say what you need to say... I know when you're stalling me.

BRUCE KATZ
Well, something's come up.
Jessup...

Hearing the name triggers something personal in Grayson.

GRAYSON MINX
Jessup?? What did he do now?

BRUCE KATZ
Nothing, but D.O.P. just called me-- he hasn't confirmed his Selection.

GRAYSON MINX
Selection? What Selection??

BRUCE KATZ
We're doing another round this morning. The system gave a Red Notice that we are over by 22, minus the 12 who deported this morning. Jessup is on the Selection list. And he didn't report for any deportation.

Grayson covers his face and takes a seat.

GRAYSON MINX
I can't believe his scores have gotten that low...

BRUCE KATZ
Should I have him excused?

GRAYSON MINX
We don't do that. No one gets abstained. Not even me...

BRUCE KATZ
So are we deporting him if he -

GRAYSON MINX

I now the rules, Bruce. I wrote them.
Just make sure he's at Selection...

BRUCE KATZ

How?

Grayson gives a glare. Katz knows this is now his problem.

BRUCE KATZ

I'll take care of it...

Katz exits the room, leaving Grayson alone. After the door closes, he walks to the window and looks down over all of Anchorage below him. Through the morning twilight, he stares at TWO GREEN TOWERS in the east end of the city-state...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - SOON AFTER

At ground level, Anchorage seems to be a mix of both neglected structures and immaculate modern buildings.

The empty streets before us indicate the area is in a remote part of town. Suddenly, an ELECTRIC VEHICLE comes down the road. Painted along the side of its doors is a familiar logo.

CLOSE-ON CAR: "**HORIZON POLICE**"

It accelerates through the rural district driving towards

TWO SMALL GREEN TOWERS -

that stand out in the distance up ahead...

INT./EXT. POLICE VEHICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Inside are *once again* - OFFICERS KOLEV and WALKER. Kolev sits in the driver's seat with Walker in shotgun. As they drive along the streets, Kolev takes his HANDS OFF the steering wheel to grab a coffee. Upon taking a sip, we look down at his feet which are **NOT** TOUCHING THE PEDALS. As the car corrects itself and moves into a different lane - its clear they are riding in

AN AUTONOMOUS DRIVING VEHICLE

The windshield doubles as a COMPUTER SCREEN. An image of a MIDDLE-AGED MAN is projected onto it. With a hand motion, Officer Kolev enlarges the information on the screen.

CLOSE-ON SCREEN:

Under the man's picture is the name "**JESSUP BECKETT.**" Beside it are an I.D. number and a list of his personal information.

OFFICER WALKER
Have you ever been here before?

OFFICER KOLEV
Verdant Towers? No, not inside...

The towers are seen through the transparent windshield.

OFFICER WALKER
I've always been curious...
See how they make all that food.

OFFICER KOLEV
This isn't a tour we're going on.

OFFICER WALKER
You've never wondered how they grow
lettuce from a concrete bath? Or
get steak without any cows???

OFFICER KOLEV
I just want to get through this shift.
Stick to our orders.

OFFICER WALKER
And that's another thing... No
deportation? A mandatory delivery
outside of our zone code? What makes
this guy so special??

OFFICER KOLEV
Don't know, don't care. We've helped
out D.O.P plenty of times before.

OFFICER WALKER
Not like this...

The car pulls up and parks outside of VERDANT TOWERS,
Anchorage's main source of vertical farming. Both buildings
look contemporary, twelve stories high with vegetation growing
on the outside walls. It's green exterior stands out among the
gloominess of the encompassing neighborhood.

OFFICER KOLEV
Don't start thinking too much. We
don't need our scores dinged...

The Officers exit the car and move toward the main tower.

INT. VERDANT TOWERS - MOMENTS LATER

Kolev and Walker enter the front doors and look around.

MAIN LOBBY

Ahead of them, a RECEPTIONIST (50's) sits at a desk.

OFFICER WALKER
Good morning. Could you point us in
the direction of Jessup Beckett?

RECEPTIONIST
Has there been another complaint?

OFFICER KOLEV
"Another" complaint?

OFFICER WALKER
There's no complaints ma'am. We just
need to speak with him.

Looking them over.

RECEPTIONIST
... 12D.

OFFICER WALKER
Thank you.
(to Kolev)
Take it up...

RECEPTIONIST
Down. All the way down...

OFFICER KOLEV
You're telling me this man works
twelve floors underground?

RECEPTIONIST
Lives there too...

The Officers look at each other, then head to the elevator.

FLOOR 12D

Kolev and Walker step off the elevator onto the lowest level of the building. They come across a plastic drape that's been stapled over a doorway. As the Officers walk through it, they enter some sort of makeshift nursery. This area isn't as refined as the rest of the building. It feels like the construction was never completed. The entire floor is covered with plants seeded in garden beds. High intensity FLUORESCENT GROW LIGHTS line the ceiling above them...

OFFICER WALKER
You recognize these plants?

OFFICER KOLEV
Do I look like a botanist?

The Officers wander down various rows of herbs and fungi.

OFFICER KOLEV
But I know that smell...

They both get a whiff of marijuana. They walk towards the back where they come across a SMALL TENT next to a sunflower scaffold. Behind the tent are several rows of cannabis plants. Sticking out of the tent's zip-door are a set of *human legs*. They belong to **JESSUP BECKETT (45)**, drunk.

OFFICER WALKER
Mr. Beckett?

No response. Kolev kicks one of his legs.

OFFICER WALKER
Mr. Beckett... We have orders to take you down to the Department of Preservation by nine o'clock. You need to respond to your Selection.

A light amount of snoring is heard...

OFFICER WALKER
Now what?

Kolev grabs Jessup's legs and PULLS him all the way out of the tent. We get our first look at Jessup. He's an utter mess and passed out cold. Sporting a greying beard and ponytail, he wears torn jeans and a stained thermal. A flask is glued to his hand as drool runs down his mouth.

OFFICER KOLEV
Mr. Beckett, we have our orders.

He still doesn't move.

OFFICER WALKER
Clock's ticking...

Kolev looks at Jessup's limp body.

OFFICER KOLEV
They want him... *they got him*.

He lifts Jessup off the ground as his partner observes.

OFFICER KOLEV
Well, c'mon. Help me!

Walker bends down and grabs Jessup by his wrists. As he gets a grip, we notice that unlike everyone else Jessup IS **NOT** wearing a black wristwatch. However, we do observe a *silver wedding*

band on his finger. As Walker grabs onto Jessup's hands, he grazes the wedding ring - which **JOLTS HIM AWAKE**.

Coming to life, Jessup KICKS HIS LEGS FREE from Kolev's grip and PUSHES WALKER ONTO THE GROUND...

JESSUP BECKETT
Mother fuckers!!!!

He THROWS HIS FLASK at Walker's face as Kolev pulls out a firearm and LETS OFF A ROUND... Within seconds, Jessup falls back on the ground unconscious. Kolev holsters his TASER...

OFFICER KOLEV
Son-of-a-bitch!!!!

He looks to his partner, who now holds a bleeding eye.

OFFICER KOLEV
You okay?

OFFICER WALKER
... Yeah.

Kolev proceeds in putting a set of handcuffs on Jessup.

OFFICER WALKER
What do we do with him now?

They both look at each other contemplating their next move...

MAIN LOBBY

The elevator door OPENS as the Officers step into the lobby dragging an unconscious Jessup Beckett past the Receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST
Oh my God! Is he okay???

OFFICER KOLEV
Everything's fine, ma'am.

They kick open the front door, pulling his body outside.

PARKING LOT

Kolev and Walker pop the door to their car and secure Jessup in the backseat, *magnetizing his cuffs to a hand rail*. They get in the front seat and program in their destination. The car turns on. Kolev dials a number into his wristwatch. The audio in the vehicle comes on and connects him through.

OFFICER KOLEV
Dispatch, 213768 is en route with

participant, Jessup Beckett - I.D.
number 535867. Time of delivery
estimates 26 minutes...

Their car turns down the street and accelerates forward...

INT./EXT. POLICE VEHICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Walker tries squinting his eye.

OFFICER WALKER
... Am I bleeding?

OFFICER KOLEV
No.

His partner then looks into the mirror attached to the visor.

OFFICER WALKER
Goddamitt... that's gonna bruise. You
know, I just can't believe -

The car suddenly comes to a SCREECHING HALT as a **LARGE MAN** (40)
jay-walks into the middle of the street. He stands six foot-
five with light brown skin and weighs over three hundred pounds.
In his hand is a gallon of milk.

OFFICER WALKER
What the fuck???

Kolev steps out of his car. Approaches the Large Man.

OFFICER KOLEV
You trying to kill yourself???

LARGE MAN
I got milk! Milk for Mama...

A big smile comes over the Large Man's jolly face.

OFFICER KOLEV
Excuse me? Name and ID number...

LARGE MAN
Milk for mama!!

He holds out his container of milk. Kolev looks him over.
Quickly realizes that he has some kind of mental disability.

OFFICER KOLEV
Where is Mama? Where do you live?

The Man turns and points down the street.

OFFICER KOLEV
You go straight home now, okay?

LARGE MAN
Okay!!! Bye-bye!!

He waves as he walks away. Kolev returns back to the car.

OFFICER WALKER
What was that all about?

OFFICER KOLEV
Some retard... We got people like that
walking around, yet you and I have to
worry about our QVS scores.

Suddenly Jessup lets out a small moan from the back seat.

OFFICER KOLEV
Let's drop off this piece of shit...

Kolev re-enters in the destination coordinates as the autonomous car drives away. However, as they proceed onward we no longer follow the Police Officers and Jessup...

MOVE TO: THE LARGE AUTISTIC MAN

*We slowly start to track his journey as the rising sun
illuminates the city...*

END OF ACT I

ACT IIEXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Large Autistic Man proceeds down the road carrying his gallon of milk. Observing him, we start to see more of the neighborhood. This is clearly a zone of lower income residents. Complexes stand on old, decaying foundations. The technology of the city seems to have past this place over. The Large Man enters a nearby building...

EXT./INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

He walks through the foyer into a hallway on the first floor.

APARTMENT B

The Large Man (SONGAA) steps into a simple two-bedroom home. His mother **ATKA QUINTERO** (65), a native Alaskan-Inuit, is handing house keys to her NEIGHBOR (50). She addresses him urgently.

ATKA QUINTERO
Where were you, Songaa?

SONGAA QUINTERO
Mama!

He steps in and gives her a tight hug while holding the milk.

ATKA QUINTERO
(**in-Alaskan-Inuit**)
Where were you, son?

SONGAA QUINTERO
Milk!

ATKA QUINTERO
It doesn't take that long to get the milk my sweet boy.

SONGAA QUINTERO
I like the big cars...

ATKA QUINTERO
I told you, let Mama know if you want to visit the garbage trucks. You make Mama worry...

Songaa gives her another big hug. His giant frame engulfs her small body. They both also wear **black wristwatches**.

ATKA QUINTERO (CONT'D)
(**in Alaskan-Inuit**)
Go eat...

He goes over to the table and pours his milk into a bowl already filled with cereal. Atka attends to her Neighbor.

ATKA QUINTERO

He'll be fine by himself. Just check in on him from time to time.

NEIGHBOR

Anything for you, Atka... but I've got to be honest. If you're not home tomorrow, Bill and I can't afford to take care of another body. Not at our age. If you don't come back, we'll have to take him to Social Services.

Silence. Atka's black wristwatch suddenly starts BEEPING.

ATKA QUINTERO

I have to go. See you tomorrow...

The Neighbor doesn't address the issue any further. Atka moves over to her son who is still eating.

ATKA QUINTERO (CONT'D)

Look at me child... No leaving the apartment until Mama comes back.

SONGAA QUINTERO

I stay here...

ATKA QUINTERO

Good. Give me your hands.

Songaa complies. Atka holds his hands and closes her eyes. He does the same as if they've done this many times before. They say no words but Atka is clearly doing "something," sending him some sort of... energy. Her Neighbor looks on respectfully, unsure of what is happening. Atka's wristwatch BEEPS again. She opens her eyes and gives him a kiss on his forehead and then walks out the front door...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Atka patiently waits outside, looking at her watch...

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "**SHUTTLE ARRIVAL: 1 MINUTE**"

Soon after, a **SHUTTLE** painted with a logo -

CLOSE-ON LOGO: "**DEPARTMENT OF PRESERVATION**"

pulls up beside her. The door SLIDES OPEN as she gets inside.

INT. D.O.P. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

The Shuttle is occupied by eight other CITIZENS of varying ages, races and gender. They all remain quiet. The DRIVER (40) wears a uniform with the initials **D.O.P.** sewn onto his shirt.

DRIVER

Morning...

Atka smiles as the door closes behind her. The Driver scans her wristwatch before entering coordinates into his operating system. As the shuttle pulls into the street, we again notice that the gas pedals are pressed down **WITHOUT** any assistance. The Driver monitors the remaining pick-ups for the vehicle, when a **PICTURE** and **NAME** appear on the *transparent windshield*.

CLOSE-ON SCREEN: "**SPENCER PACE**"

As the shuttle moves toward its next destination, Atka looks out the window pensively at the city streets of Anchorage...

CLOSE-ON: **THE CITY STREETS**

We take in more of the fringes and outskirts as the shuttle continues forward. There is an eeriness to this stretch of street blocks. There isn't much social activity or active business. It's comprised more of loners and laundromats...

Minutes later - the vehicle slows to an arrival. It parks next to a basic three-story condominium which matches every other living quarter beside it. While the car idles, Atka leans her tired head on the window to rest, just as -

BAM!! BAM!!

Something **HITS** the top of the shuttle, jerking Atka up...

EXT. ROOFTOP OF BUILDING - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Looking down at the ground, standing on the roof of the structure is **SPENCER PACE (34)**. Asian-American. Slicked hair. He's holding another rock, ready to let it fly...

SPENCER PACE

You early assholes!

Next to him is a small wooden coup filled with pigeons. All of the birds are equipped with *tiny mechanical devices* on their legs. Frantic and seemingly rushed, Spencer runs **TWO LARGE CABLE WIRES** into a small metal box while computing numbers into a mobile device. We notice that the wires run

ALL THE WAY OVER THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING

As he manically enters logarithms into his device, the **black watch** on his wrist starts BEEPING. Spencer continues to furiously code as we observe

ONE LONE PIGEON TRYING TO ESCAPE THE COUP -

near the bottom of the caging. While Spencer accelerates his effort, we move back to the streets below...

CAMERA ON: **GROUND VIEW**

RETURN TO SCENE

EXT./INT. D.O.P. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

The Passengers inside the Department of Preservation Shuttle have become distressed; wondering what it was that struck their vehicle? Atka sits silently as the fervor grows...

ANOTHER SMALL ROCK HITS THE GLASS WINDOW -

reinvigorating the panic inside the van.

SEVERAL MORE ROCKS START HITTING THE ROOF OF THE SHUTTLE

The Driver hesitantly looks around, unsure of what to do.

DIRECTOR

Everyone stay inside the vehicle...

He turns on some soft classical music on the dashboard. The rocks continue pelting the roof as a PASSENGER chimes in...

PASSENGER

Just leave already!

DIRECTOR

My orders are to -

BAM!! Another rock HITS THE CAR...

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

My orders are to give each person their full allotted time before reporting a failed attendance.

He looks at his clock as a SECOND PASSENGER chimes in.

PASSENGER #2

Even when your car is under attack?

Atka remains quiet as the van turns into a quarreling session between the riders. An older, AGITATED MAN speaks up next.

AGITATED MAN
I don't care about orders! You can
think for yourself, young man!

DRIVER
Sir, that's not the protocol...

Suddenly the rocks STOP hitting. Silence. He resumes...

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Whatever that was... it's over now.

A LOUD WOMAN (50) joins the conversation.

LOUD WOMAN
You want to know what I think? This
whole situation should be cause to let
us all go back home!

This comment ignites the emotions of the Passengers...

PASSENGER #2
It should! Take us home!

AGITATED MAN
My daughter will be thrilled!

DRIVER
No one is going home...

They all join forces and begin chanting together.

EVERYONE
Take us home! Takes us home!!

Atka is the only one not yelling as suddenly

THE SHUTTLE'S DOOR SLIDES OPEN -

It's Spencer. The whole vehicle goes quiet. He looks at the
Driver as everyone takes in his entrance.

SPENCER PACE
So... you're the needle dick who can't
read a clock.

DRIVER
... I beg your pardon?

Spencer takes a seat.

SPENCER PACE
My pickup, authorized by the City-
State says 8:20 a.m. NOT 8:17!!

DRIVER

The van is programmed correctly, sir.
Maybe, it's your watch...

SPENCER PACE

It's not my watch asshole! You're
fuckin' early!!

DRIVER

Its only three minutes!

SPENCER PACE

Nations have been destroyed in three
minutes!! Executions, orgasms and the
full life of certain bacteria have all
happened in under three minutes!!

The older, Agitated Man interrupts them.

AGITATED MAN

Were you throwing rocks at the car?

SPENCER PACE

You're quick aren't you... Let me
guess, early on-set dementia?? Slow
deterioration of the cortex? Either
way, I'm sure they'll kill me and let
you go home...

DRIVER

Are you finished Mr. Pace??!

SPENCER PACE

Oh, I'm just getting started!!

The Driver quickly scans his watch and then sets the car in
motion. Atka and Spencer's eyes meet before he looks out the
window of the van. A stunned Spencer suddenly sees

THE LONE PIGEON FLY OFF THE ROOFTOP FROM HIS LOFT

As he ponders how his bird escaped, the van drives away...

** Changing course - our attention now turns to the pigeon. **

ANGLE ON: THE PIGEONS FLIGHT

*The bird soars from the building over the neighborhood heading
west. While it flies we observe the "mechanical device" on the
pigeons legs. It almost seems like a homing beacon. As the
fowl descends, it sails over store fronts and markets before
swooping down over a strolling pedestrian...*

EXT. STREETS OF EAST ANCHORAGE - CONTINUOUS

A BROKEN MAN (50) walks with his hands in his jacket through the cold streets. He takes a pill out of his pocket and puts it under his tongue. Passing through the sparse crowds we observe the misery on his face. His eyes have no sign of hope. There is nothing left for this man to live for. As if things couldn't get worse for him, he is soon drenched with

PIGEON SHIT FROM UP ABOVE -

as Spencer's bird returns to the skyline. He stops in his tracks. It takes him a moment to grasp what just happened. Quickly realizing that the white liquid dripping from his hair and shoulders is feces, he begins to sob. Depressed and at the brink he continues forward as he cries. Looming ahead is a small building with a sign that reads:

CLOSE-ON SIGN: **"SUBMISSION CLINIC"**

INT. CLINIC - SOON AFTER

Soothing BOSSA NOVA MUSIC plays as we follow the Broken Man inside the doors. His appearance is in stark contrast to the building's environment. We look around the room and see

A BEAUTIFUL BEACH SUNSET PROJECTED ONTO A WALL

At the other end of the space...

PUPPY DOGS AND BUTTERFLIES FROLIC FROM A HOLOGRAM

Nearby are brochures and posters that read:

CLOSE-ON TEXT: ***"Saying farewell on your own terms."***

"The end of life is the start of peace."

It soon becomes clear that we are in a **SUICIDE CLINIC**.

Lobby chairs align the walls, while tablets with magazine websites are displayed on tables. Sitting separately in two of the chairs are a YOUNG MAN (20's) and an ELDERLY WOMAN (70's). The Woman fills out a computerized form while the Young Man covers his face with a hoodie. They both look emotionally resigned but not as despondent as the Broken Man.

He meanwhile looks around aimlessly before catching eyes with the girl behind the counter. This is **RAIN COULTER (23)**. She wears a lab coat. Her angst is at odds with her undeniable magnetism. She has an edgy, gender fluid attractiveness. The Broken Man moves toward her with wet eyes and pigeon shit dripping from his hair. They look at each other...

RAIN COULTER
How may I help you?

BROKEN MAN
Kill me. Just kill me...

She isn't moved by his desperation. Not her first rodeo.

RAIN COULTER
Would you like to speak to one of our
counselors?

BROKEN MAN
Just kill me. Please, I beg you.

RAIN COULTER
Sir, it doesn't work like that. I can
give you a form to fill out and then
we administer a blood test. If it
comes back clean, then we can proceed.
Are you sober?

BROKEN MAN
Please... JUST FUCKIN KILL ME!!!

The Elderly Woman lifts her head but the Young Man in the hoodie
doesn't. Coming out from the back office behind Rain is a
SECURITY GUARD (40's). He assesses the situation...

SECURITY GUARD
Everything okay here?

The Broken Man starts to cry even harder, staring at Rain.

BROKEN MAN
You're just like her...

He pops another pill and moves back toward the door.

BROKEN MAN (CONT'D)
You're just like her...

As he exits the clinic, the Guard routinely goes to Rain.

SECURITY GUARD
They're ready for the next one.

She calls out to the Young Man wearing the hoodie.

RAIN COULTER
(aloud)
Mr. Kelly, your room is ready...
(to the Guard)
Will you tell Aaron to come here?

The Guard nods at her as the Young Man (Mr. Kelley) silently walks past Rain. He is then escorted into the back end of the building by security, as the door closes behind them.

Rain looks at the digital clock on the wall.

CLOSE-ON CLOCK: "8:22 a.m."

The Elderly Woman completes the form on her tablet. She stands up gingerly and approaches the counter with a cane...

ELDERLY WOMAN
I'm finished.

Hands over her tablet to Rain...

RAIN COULTER (CONT'D)
You'll be getting a notification in a few minutes on your network band. A blood test will be administered in the next 48 hours. If you pass, your exit session with Dr. Cole will be scheduled. Any questions?

ELDERLY WOMAN
Oh no, I fully understand the process. But are you okay, dear? That man was so upset...

RAIN COULTER
Some people have a hard time.

ELDERLY WOMAN
... With what? Dying?

Smiles at Rain.

RAIN COULTER
No. Living...

They share a moment before the Elderly Woman leaves the building. Rain then checks the time on her watch as the door behind her opens. Stepping into the now empty lobby is her co-worker, a slacker-type named AARON MARTIN (30's.) He hops up on the counter as Rain starts taking off her lab coat.

AARON MARTIN
What's up? Piss break?

RAIN COULTER
I'm leaving...

AARON MARTIN
Ditching out already? Ballsy.

RAIN COULTER
You really are a fool. YOU'RE
covering the rest of my shift.
Remember this conversation?

AARON MARTIN
No. What is it? You got like some
hot date at 8:30 in the morning?

RAIN COULTER
I've got Selection today, moron.

Aaron pulls back.

AARON MARTIN
Do you really? Fuck.

RAIN COULTER
Please, don't act like you care.

AARON MARTIN
Seriously, I'm sorry.

RAIN COULTER
Don't be a pussy. If anyone is
comfortable around the possibility of
life ending, it's me.

AARON MARTIN
Still, when it's over and done with
you want to grab a drink?

RAIN COULTER
Why? I don't like you.

AARON MARTIN
That's hot.

RAIN COULTER
Look, I need to ask one more favor...

She pulls an envelope out of her pocket.

RAIN COULTER
If I'm not at work tomorrow will you
drop this off for me?

He looks at a name written on the letter.

CLOSE-ON LETTER: **"OLIVIA PRIEDA"**

The name is followed by an address. Aaron pockets it.

AARON MARTIN
... Sure, no problem.

He stares at her with concern as she walks to the door.

AARON MARTIN
Hey! Take care, huh...

She gives him a wink and then exits the clinic.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rain places headphones into her ears as her wristwatch BEEPS.

Looks at the time...

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "8:25 a.m."

Another message is displayed: "**SHUTTLE ARRIVAL: 3 MIN.**"

RAIN COULTER
(into her watch)
Play "Distraction Mix."

Suddenly DRONING, PULSING MUSIC plays from her headphones as she starts running down the street. As she moves through the city, we see store fronts begin their opening morning routines. Gates and awnings start to rise as Rain sprints on by. Cars slow to a stop as she dashes in front of them. Bewildered drivers stare at her through their vehicles.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - CONTINUOUS

She takes a shortcut and weaves around a HOMELESS MAN.

RAIN COULTER
(into her watch)
"Location redirect. Real time follow.
One mile radius."

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "**SHUTTLE REDIRECTING.**"

Rain cuts through an entrance...

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

She enters the back door to a local store. Early shoppers are few and far between. An EMPLOYEE stocking a shelf looks at her as Rain passes him. She skips through to the front entrance and steps out into the other side of neighborhood.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Rain soon finds herself in "MARBLE VALLEY." A cul-de-sac of

small columned apartments. Entering an alley between the structures, she finds a graffiti artist's dream canvas. On the side of the building is a painted image:

CLOSE-ON PAINTING:

The image is of... The Wall. But it's cracked and broken with bodies climbing through holes and Angels rising up from the other side. The word "ESCAPE" is written across the top. The artistry and detail of the street mural is breathtaking.

Her watch BEEPS...

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "SHUTTLE ARRIVAL: 2 MIN."

She walks over and stares at the painting. It clearly means something to her. At the bottom of the mural, hidden behind a few large stones is a small tarp covering a bucket. She removes the tarp, revealing a tiny cylinder of paint. Rain cracks it open and grabs a brush that lies next to it. She dips it into the paint and begins to sign her initials "R.C." at the bottom of her creation.

As she leaves the final mark, her watch BEEPS again...

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "ARRIVED."

Rain turns around and sees the **D.O.P. SHUTTLE** waiting for her. She then closes the bucket of paint and covers it with the tarp before going over to the vehicle...

As Rain walks out of our sight line we turn our attention to an open APARTMENT WINDOW high up ABOVE Marble Valley.

MOVE TO: **THE WINDOW**

It looks directly down over the painted mural below...

END OF ACT II

ACT IIIEXT./INT. SMALL APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Passing into the open window, we enter an old and cramped

BATHROOM

Staring into a mirror adjusting his neck tie is a striking looking man. This is **VINCENT DE LA CRUZ (52)**. Latin, handsome, dressed in an expensive suit. But the bathroom he stands in shows us a different reality. The paint on the walls is chipping and the sink and tub are lined with mold. Suddenly his black wristwatch starts BEEPING.

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "**SHUTTLE ARRIVAL: 2 MIN.**"

He calls out to the other room...

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
Ernesto!!

Vincent finishes up and walks into the

LIVING ROOM

Sitting on the couch eating a cookie is his teenage son **ERNESTO DE LA CRUZ (14)**. He is the spitting image of his father. We observe the humble apartment in detail...

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
Ernesto...

He notices the cookie in his son's hand.

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ (CONT'D)
What are you eating?

Ernesto looks at his father's outfit.

ERNESTO DE LA CRUZ
Wow Dad! You look sharp!

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
Where's your breakfast?

ERNESTO DE LA CRUZ
I changed my mind. Where are you going dressed up like that?

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
Work. Next time you change your mind, try eating something healthy.

Behind Vincent we see janitor overalls hanging on a rack.

ERNESTO DE LA CRUZ
You never dress like that for work.
I haven't seen you in a suit since -

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
Forget all that. Make sure you study
up for the exam next week. Just
because the school is closed today
doesn't mean it's an excuse to lay
around and have cookies.

His watch BEEPS again.

ERNESTO DE LA CRUZ
I will. Hey, this weekend can we -

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
I don't have time now, son. Just
remember what I told you yesterday.

ERNESTO DE LA CRUZ
... About what?

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
Do you listen to anything I say?
If I'm not home by five -

ERNESTO DE LA CRUZ
Go upstairs and see Mrs. Turner. I
got it. But why I am hanging out with
her? You hate that woman.

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
Ernesto... I'm not asking you, I'm
telling you. If I'm not home by five
go upstairs! Promise me...

ERNESTO DE LA CRUZ
I promise! You're acting weird...

He gives his boy a kiss on the head.

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ (CONT'D)
Love you, son...

Proceeds in walking to the front door. Turns around.

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ (CONT'D)
Make some eggs! No more cookies!

Vincent exits the apartment as Ernesto eats a chunk.

EXT./INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

He walks outside the FRONT ENTRANCE of his building. It is located on the opposite side of Marble Valley facing the main street. Soon enough, he sees the **D.O.P. SHUTTLE** which has circled back around the block. He walks toward it. As he nears the van, Vincent places his hands onto his stomach...

EXT./INT. D.O.P. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

The door to the vehicle OPENS as Vincent catches his breath. The van is half-full with Rain Coulter sitting in the backseat. Vincent stops himself before entering, he doesn't look well. The Driver holds on, waiting for him to get in...

DRIVER

Mr. Cruz?

Vincent gurgles as he tries to speak. Still doesn't enter.

DRIVER

Are you ready, sir?

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ

I uh... think I left the stove on.

The Driver looks annoyed.

DRIVER

You better hurry...

The Driver starts a timer on his dashboard as Vincent turns around and rushes back towards the building. As he gets closer to the door he *covers his mouth with his hands*...

INT./EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Vincent stumbles in through the doors into the empty

LOBBY

He collapses onto the floor and crawls toward a garbage can next to the mailboxes. Vincent starts to

VOMIT VIOLENTLY INTO THE RECEPTACLE

After spewing his guts out, he leans against the wall...

Wiping the sweat from his brow, Vincent reaches under his shirt collar and pulls out a necklace that's been hidden.

CLOSE-ON: THE NECKLACE

In his hand, we observe a pendant fastened with

A GOLD CRUCIFIX

He clasps it and closes his eyes...

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ (CONT'D)
 Dear God... I'm sorry for all that
 I've done. Please don't take me from
 my son. I beg you...

As Vincent finishes his prayer, his watch starts BEEPING.

CLOSE-ON WATCH: **"WARNING!! FAILED ATTENDANCE REPORT!"**

Vincent quickly gathers himself and exits the lobby...

EXT./INT. D.O.P. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

He moves rapidly and proceeds in entering the van.

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ (CONT'D)
 Apologies...

DRIVER
 One more minute and you would have had
 a really bad day...

Vincent ignores the comment while his watch gets scanned. He moves to the back, taking a seat in front of Rain. Meanwhile, the Driver confirms Vincent's pick-up on his computer and accelerates the electric vehicle. The PASSENGERS observe his upscale attire, which feels out of place.

Vincent slowly settles in as they drive through the city. Rain sits behind him listening to music through her headphones. The other Passengers keep to themselves. As they cross over a bridge, Vincent sees

A CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE

A large CRUCIFIX is attached to the roof of the building. This reminds him of his own necklace which is still draped outside of his collar. He tucks it back under his shirt as they pass by the church over the bridge.

*The shuttle drives toward its destination, as we **MOVE TO...***

EXT./INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

We observe the exterior of a mid-sized church. It's location and size reflect a moderate following. Directly below the large crucifix on the roof is a sign that reads -

CLOSE-ON SIGN: **"APOSTOLIC CHURCH OF ANCHORAGE"**

In the offing behind the temple, is a small man-made lake...

RECREATIONAL ROOM

Inside the house of worship, across from the altar is a large communal area behind paneled doors. Basketball hoops bookend a space that is set-up with picnic tables along the floor. At this early hour, the room is being used as a DAYCARE FACILITY for its congregation. PARENTS are dropping off their CHILDREN before heading to work...

A handful of VOLUNTEERS supervise the exuberant kids, who color with crayons and play with toys. At the far end past the basketball hoop, is a back door with a WINDOW on it. We PUSH-IN on the glass aperture and see the eyes of a WOMAN looking in on the children...

CHURCH OFFICE

Behind the door that glimpses into the rec-room is a quiet office space. It contains a table, a few chairs and a couple of framed bible quotes on the wall. Staring through the window is **AMANDA BUTCHER (30)**. Blonde, attractive and deeply religious. She watches her daughter CHLOE (5) joyfully play inside.

Amanda steps back from the door as it OPENS up. Walking into the office is REVEREND ETHAN WARD (37). Operating pastor of the church. Tall, lean and didactic... he approaches her.

PASTOR WARD

Good morning, Amanda... Please forgive me but I must make this quick. I have a meeting with the outreach comm -

AMANDA BUTCHER

I'm sorry to bother you, Pastor.

PASTOR WARD

... You're never a bother.

AMANDA BUTCHER

I'm here to talk about Chloe.

He takes a seat at the table.

PASTOR WARD

Oh. Is she okay?

AMANDA BUTCHER

Wonderful. Praise Jesus. Playing with Sister Susan as we speak...

PASTOR WARD

Then what's on your mind?

AMANDA BUTCHER

She is my purpose, my soul. I don't want Chloe growing up in this world without having me to protect her.

PASTOR WARD

Normal thoughts for any parent...

AMANDA BUTCHER

Therefore... I've decided to NOT attend my Selection this morning. I refuse to leave my daughter unguided in this land of heathens.

A look of concern washes over the ordained man.

PASTOR WARD

Selection?? You're scheduled?

AMANDA BUTCHER

Yes. For this morning...

He looks at her arms which are without a wristwatch.

PASTOR WARD

Where is your monitor?

AMANDA BUTCHER

I threw it into the lake.

PASTOR WARD

Amanda... please sit down.

She joins him at the table.

PASTOR WARD (CONT'D)

Its very important that you listen to me carefully. What you're doing is profoundly dangerous. It's not too late for us to fix this though. You are going to call operations and say that it fell off your arm.

AMANDA BUTCHER

... Why would I tell a lie?

PASTOR WARD

Amanda... I'm not speaking to you right now as your pastor but as a friend. If you don't comply, they will expel you from the city.

AMANDA BUTCHER

I know... I've been thinking about

this for weeks, since the notice arrived. What to do? I was all set to go forth, but then it hit me... like a message from Jesus, himself. A way out! All I needed was the bravery to tell you...

PASTOR WARD

Tell me what?

AMANDA BUTCHER

We can all leave together, the three of us - right now. You, me and Chloe. If we take the church vehicle, we could go beyond the wall and drive to my family's property in Alabama.

He leans back in his chair shell-shocked.

PASTOR WARD

What are you talking about?

AMANDA BUTCHER

God, in his grace, brought us together. It feels right and you know it. Come with me and Chloe.

PASTOR WARD

Mandy... have you totally lost your senses? Whatever you've imagined -

AMANDA BUTCHER

I'm not imagining anything! Don't discard what's happened!

PASTOR WARD

I don't discard anything! What happened between you and I shouldn't have happened - but it did. That said, I have a family here and my congregation. I would never abandon them. Ever.

AMANDA BUTCHER

If you strangle the truth to make others happy you'll end up alone. I've learned that the hard way.

Pastor Ward takes a breathe. Composes himself.

PASTOR WARD

Child... I am NOT going anywhere. And I won't let you risk your life, Chloe's future and my well being just

because you are scared.

AMANDA BUTCHER

What about everything you said to me?!
"Listen to the signs Mandy, have faith
in the voice - "

PASTOR WARD

This isn't the voice of faith right
now, this is the voice of fear.

AMANDA BUTCHER

No it isn't!

She stands up in frustration.

PASTOR WARD

Mandy... I beg you to listen.
Even if I were to go on this
impossible journey back to Alabama, we
would NEVER get there. There are no
functional airports for the public.
The church van wouldn't be able to re-
charge after the border.

Pastor Ward also stands. Steps toward her cautiously...

PASTOR WARD (CONT'D)

The world you grew up in no longer
exists. The technology we are
afforded in Anchorage doesn't extend
beyond the wall. You talk of
heathens? What challenges do you
think we'd run into out there?

AMANDA BUTCHER

But I can't just -

PASTOR WARD

And your family? How long has it been
since you've talked to them?

AMANDA BUTCHER

... Five years.

PASTOR WARD

Who knows if they're even alive...

AMANDA BUTCHER

Don't say that!!

PASTOR WARD

I'm sorry but you need to hear me!
Everything will be just fine. The odds

of being selected **are less than 1%**.
Those are great odds.

AMANDA BUTCHER
I can't do it!

PASTOR WARD
Yes you can!
(beat)
And on the million to one that you are
selected, Chloe will *at least* be able
to stay in the city.

He puts his hand on her shoulder.

PASTOR WARD (CONT'D)
I will personally adopt her as my
daughter if need be so that she's not
raised by Horizon. But still, any of
these options are better... than
running away.

AMANDA BUTCHER
I don't how to do this...

PASTOR WARD
Mandy... look at me.

She turns at him with tears in her eyes.

FATHER WARD (CONT'D)
If you ever had any feelings for me,
trust my guidance now. In 24 hours
your life will be back to normal.
But you **MUST** go in... Wait here while
I call them -

AMANDA BUTCHER
No!!!

Silence. The Pastor methodically gets down on his knees.

PASTOR WARD
Come, pray with me. Come...

She slowly joins him, as he places her head on his chest.

PASTOR WARD (CONT'D))
(aloud)
Dear Lord Jesus...

Mandy weeps as he begins to summon a prayer...

EXT. CHURCH - SOON AFTER

A **D.O.P. SHUTTLE** is parked outside the chapel. Mandy steps inside with Pastor Ward's assistance. The other **PASSENGERS** look on. Mandy seems a bit more stable after their prayer.

PASTOR WARD (CONT'D)
Have them scan your fingerprint.
I'll see you at service, Sunday.

Mandy gives him a half-smile as he **SHUTS** the van's door...

Pastor Ward exhales a sigh of relief and goes back to the chapel. He greets other parishioners before walking inside. As the Shuttle drives **OFF** the premises past the lake, we observe a different car *coming TOWARDS the church...*

INT./EXT. AUTONOMOUS TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Inside yet another self-driving vehicle is **HANNAH COOK** (40), also a single mother. In the backseat are her son **JACOB** (6) and niece **MARIE** (8) who tease each other. As the taxi nears the parking lot, her phone starts to **RING...**

CLOSE-ON CALLER ID: "**DAVID COOK**"

She answers.

HANNAH COOK
(into her earpiece)
Hey... Yeah, I'm about to drop the
kids off at daycare... She's playing
with Jacob.
(to Marie)
Your Dad is on the phone.

MARIE COOK
Hi Daddy!

JACOB COOK
Hi, Uncle David!

HANNAH COOK
(into earpiece)
I'm late for work. What is it..?

The car **SELF-PARKS** outside of the small sanctuary.

HANNAH COOK (CONT'D)
What are you saying..? He got called
in for Selection..? Today? Well,
what do you want me to do about it..?
What? You told him *what*..? I don't
care if you just found out. How dare

you without... Don't use the kids to hustle me. You're my brother, I know how you operate. You're just avoiding having to see him yourself...

The kids continue to giggle and play in the back.

HANNAH COOK (CONT'D)

David... David, I don't have time to argue with you. I'll quickly call so he can see the kids, okay? But this is on you moving forward. Goodbye.

She hangs up on her brother and turns around.

JACOB COOK

What's wrong Mommy?

HANNAH COOK

Oh nothing my sweets, we're just going to quickly call Grandpa and Grandma before I drop you off.

JACOB & MARIE COOK

Yay! Grandpa! Why don't we ever see them..? Yeah..?

HANNAH COOK

You're going to see them right now.

As Hannah plugs her tablet into the car's computer, a caution comes up on the vehicle's main screen...

CLOSE-ON SCREEN: **"DESTINATION ARRIVED. PLEASE EXIT THE VEHICLE OR ADD ON MORE TIME..."**

She adds time to the taxi before making her phone call...

INT. LIVING ROOM (COOK HOUSEHOLD) - SOON AFTER

We find ourselves in a cozy, classically furnished living room in a nearby part of the city. Sitting in an oversized recliner is **GORDON COOK (69)**, Hannah and David's father. His face shows all the wear of seven decades of life... He leans in eagerly to a *technological device* that streams a

3D HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE OF JACOB AND MARIE GIGGLING

The modern instrument sticks out like a sore thumb next to the old-fashioned decor. He stares at the holograph watching his grandkids in the backseat of the taxi. Hannah is nowhere to be seen. They jump up and down as they chat with Gordon.

JACOB COOK
(from the hologram)
Do it again, Grandpa! Do it again!

MARIE COOK
(from the hologram)
Yeah, do it again!!

GORDON COOK
Okay you two... one more time.

Gordon concentrates as he molds his hands into a puppet face.
The kids watch with awe. Jacob tries to mimic him...

GORDON COOK (CONT'D)
I think I've got it...

He stares at his hands until they "talk" back to the kids.

GORDON COOK (CONT'D)
(funny voice)
I think I've got it...

Gordon looks at the kids with a theatrical face.

GORDON COOK (CONT'D)
(funny voice)
What are you looking at? Whooooa!

They howl with laughter. As Gordon makes his puppet do a little dance for them, his loving wife MIRANDA COOK (65) enters the room and sets a hot coffee beside him. The kids become even more excited as Miranda enters their sight.

JACOB & MARIE
Grandma!!!

MIRANDA COOK
Hi pumpkins!! You look so big!

JACOB COOK
I'm taller than Marie!

MARIE COOK
No you're not!

She hits Jacob on the head.

MIRANDA COOK
Marie, don't hit your cousin.

GORDON COOK
You're both big and beautiful!

MIRANDA COOK
So beautiful! Grandma loves you!

GORDON COOK
And so does Grandpa!

Gordon takes a sip of his coffee as his wristwatch BEEPS.

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "SHUTTLE ARRIVAL: 2 MIN."

Miranda looks at him with concern...

GORDON COOK (CONT'D)
Ah... okay kids. So, Grandpa has a very busy day today. Would you ask your Mom if I could speak with her?

JACOB COOK (O.S.)
Mom! Grandpa wants to talk to you!

MIRANDA COOK
Say it will only take a minute!

The children exit the hologram. Miranda looks at the clock.

MIRANDA COOK (CONT'D)
It's almost time...

He ignores the comment as the kids come back on the image.

JACOB COOK
Mom says she's late for work...

Gordon's face loses all of its previous joy.

GORDON COOK
That's okay, next time. But listen, Grandpa has to go now...

JACOB & MARIE COOK
No!!!

GORDON COOK
I don't like it either. But we'll talk soon. I promise...

JACOB & MARIE COOK
Bye Grandma!!!

MIRANDA COOK
Bye my angels!! We love you!

JACOB & MARIE COOK
We love you too!!

EVERYONE

Bye, bye!!!

The holographic image dissipates as Gordon takes another sip of coffee. Miranda starts rubbing his shoulders.

MIRANDA COOK

I'm sorry about Hannah. I know you wanted to say goodbye to her.

GORDON COOK

I'm not saying goodbye to anyone today Miranda! This is a mere formality.

MIRANDA COOK

I didn't mean that... I just... I'm sorry everything is... complicated.

GORDON COOK

I'm glad we saw the kids.

He kisses Miranda and looks at his watch.

MIRANDA COOK

I'll get you a thermos. What about food? Should I pack something?

GORDON COOK

No time. I'll eat there...

She looks at her husband longingly. Silence.

GORDON COOK (CONT'D)

Come on Miranda! Hurry with that coffee, they'll be here in a minute.

He heads to the front door, grabbing a fedora off a rack.

EXT. COOK HOUSEHOLD - SOON AFTER

Gordon stands outside waiting, wearing his hat. The front door OPENS as Miranda comes out with his thermos.

MIRANDA COOK

I love you so much...

She kisses him with tears in her eyes.

GORDON COOK

Look at me. I'm an upstanding citizen. I have to go because it is my duty. No tears. We'll watch old movies later tonight...

He returns her kiss as his watch BEEPS.

CLOSE-ON WATCH: **"ARRIVED"**

Seconds later, a **D.O.P. SHUTTLE** once again pulls up outside. Gordon starts moving toward it but then turns back to his wife. He pulls out two letters from his pocket...

GORDON COOK (CONT'D)
I almost forgot. Give these to Hannah
& David if - just in case.

She starts welling up again as he hands it to her.

GORDON COOK (CONT'D)
I love you. Go inside...

He leaves her holding the letters as Gordon walks to the Shuttle. As he crosses the curb to enter the vehicle

A SPEEDING BICYCLE ALMOST KNOCKS HIM OVER

The BICYCLIST (20's) yells behind him...

BICYCLIST
(aloud)
Sorry!!!!

A startled Gordon mumbles under his breath.

GORDON COOK
Jerk...

He steps into the van and looks back to Miranda who waves at him. The door swiftly closes and the shuttle drives off.

As the vehicle drives away it passes by the bicycle...

MOVE TO: **THE BICYCLIST**

With Gordon's shuttle soon gone in the distance, we solely *begin following the path of the bicyclist...*

END ACT III

ACT IVEXT. STREETS OF ANCHORAGE - EARLY MORNING

The accelerating bicycle is also electrically powered. It's hybrid technology allowing the rider to both pedal manually or glide at a higher speed. Attached to the rear of the banana seat is a BLINKING digitized sign:

CLOSE ON SIGN: "**ANCHORAGE COURIER SERVICES**"

We follow his silent ride, as he coasts down roads and avenues while passing by various city postings...

JUMP TO:

Minutes later, the streets get more congested. He finds himself no longer among residential houses but in an urban CITY-CENTER with HIGH-RISE CONDOMINIUMS and COFFEE HOUSES.

As traffic increases in the morning rush-hour, the Bicyclist pulls up to a tall, modern complex. He safeties his bike against the curb with an electro-magnetic lock. Stepping behind the seat, he opens the rear satchel and takes out a PACKAGE. We observe a glossy marquee above the doors.

CLOSE ON SIGN: "**SUSITNA RESIDENTIAL TOWERS**"

He approaches the building's entrance...

INT. HIGH-RISE (LOBBY) - CONTINUOUS

The Bicyclist walks up to the FRONT DESK. A CONCIERGE (30's) welcomes him as he approaches...

CONCIERGE

Good morning, welcome to Susitna Towers. How may I help you?

BICYCLIST

Delivery for Kazemi, 793.

CONCIERGE

You can leave it right here...

BICYCLIST

Will you sign for it?

He takes out a small electronic tablet which she authorizes.

BICYCLIST (CONT'D)

Thank you.

She smiles as he EXITS the building doors toward his bicycle.

Meanwhile, the Concierge calls up the package...

INT. APARTMENT 793 - SOON AFTER

A trendy apartment unit located on the 7th floor. The room is mostly dark as the blinds have been pulled to completely shade out the morning sun. The only light that emanates is from an alarm clock. It lies next to the house phone on a dresser by the bed. It RINGS...

TWO BODIES are spread out across the mattress. One of them wakes at the sound of the phone. The other remains asleep. A FEMALE figure - barely seen, pulls herself up to answer.

FEMALE
(into phone, groggy)
Hello..? Just leave it outside my
door..? Thank you...

She hangs up and looks at the illuminated clock.

CLOSE-ON CLOCK: "8:41 a.m."

FEMALE (CONT'D)
Fuck.

She stands up quickly and opens the blinds, paying no attention to the other person in the bed. Revealed by the outside light, we now can see **DINA KAZEMI (43)**. She stands at the window comfortably naked, looking down on the city. Dina is of middle-eastern descent.

Also revealed is a nude MIDDLE-AGED MALE. He is partially covered by a bed sheet. The only article of clothing that either of them wear are their mandatory black wristwatches. Suddenly, Dina's watch BEEPS...

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "LAST OFFERING FOR SHUTTLE-PICK UP.

PLEASE CONFIRM SELF-TRANSPORTATION."

Dina talks into her watch...

DINA KAZEMI
"Self transportation confirmed."

She quickly makes her way into the

BATHROOM

We follow the woman as she steps into a "Smart Shower" without removing her water-proof wristwatch. Dina's hair is instantly doused with the perfect amount of tempered rain water from a rotating shower head.

She scrubs her body thoroughly, eliminating the memories of the previous evening. Dina leans back against the tiled wall and brings her hands to her eyes, rubbing them softly.

After a few deep breathes, she recovers focus and exits the shower. Dina grabs a towel and dries herself off as she examines herself in the mirror.

From the bedroom we can hear the ALARM CLOCK go off...

In the mirror's reflection, she sees the male in the bed come to life. After a few more rings, he turns OFF the alarm.

Dina walks back into the bedroom sporting a towel as she begins to brush her hair. She crosses to the dresser and pulls out a pair of underwear before stepping into them.

DINA KAZEMI (CONT'D)
Morning...

MIDDLE-AGED MALE
(without energy)
Is it morning?

DINA KAZEMI
It is very morning.

The Man lumbers on over, looping a finger into her underwear.

DINA KAZEMI (CONT'D)
Time for you to go...

MIDDLE-AGED MALE
Don't hurt my feelings.

He slides right up behind Dina, pressing his pelvis against her. Proceeds in kissing her neck...

DINA KAZEMI
I'm going to be late. Get dressed.

MIDDLE-AGED MALE
What's so important?

She forcefully pushes him off of her and goes to the closet.

DINA KAZEMI
Grab your shit. Time to go...

MIDDLE-AGED MALE
Damn... What happened to the girl I met last night?

DINA KAZEMI

Daylight came. If I have to ask you again it won't be pretty...

MIDDLE-AGED MALE

All right, all right!

Dina puts on a pair of pants, then smells shirts looking for something clean.

MIDDLE-AGED MALE (CONT'D)

Before I go, can you give me a little fix for my trouble...

DINA KAZEMI

Fuckin' men. All of you...

Dina walks to her front door and opens it. Outside she finds the small package that the courier dropped off on the ground. She tears it open upon shutting the door. The contents are now seen: a set of PHARMACEUTICAL VIALS.

Dina removes one of them from its wrapping...

She crosses back to the closet. Next to her clothes on the floor is a small black medical duffel bag. In it are a cornucopia of hospital grade instruments: SYRINGES, AUTO-INJECTORS, IV'S AND PLASMA CONTAINERS.

Dina begins inserting a syringe into a vial...

DINA KAZEMI (CONT'D)

Well... lay down!

He smiles and goes back to the bed. She extracts some of the liquid from the pharmaceutical vial. Dina then goes to the bed and approaches. She kneels in front of him

PRESSING THE SYRINGE IN BETWEEN HIS TOES

He winces with pain and then slowly sinks into the pleasure of the drug she chose to inject him with. Dina then stands up and ejects the needle into a bio-waste bin in the bathroom. Her lover's eyes roll backwards...

DINA KAZEMI (CONT'D)

That should last you... But if you're not gone by noon, I'm going to have the building's security escort you out. We clear?

The Male's eyes are now closed in pleasure, head on pillow.

MIDDLE-AGED MALE
Sure... Can I call you again?

Dina's watch suddenly BEEPS once more...

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "15 MINUTES UNTIL D.O.P. APPOINTMENT"

Dina pulls a sweater over her head and puts on shoes.

DINA KAZEMI
The clock is ticking...

She grabs her purse, leaving the blissed Male alone on her bed before exiting the apartment.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator doors OPEN as Dina walks by the CONCIERGE DESK.

CONCIERGE
Good morning, Miss Kazemi. Did you get your package?

DINA KAZEMI
I did, thank you.

CONCIERGE
Do you want me to get you a coffee?

DINA KAZEMI
I have my own pick me up...

She pulls out a VAPE PEN from her purse.

DINA KAZEMI (CONT'D)
Also, I have a guest staying with me that should be leaving shortly. Would you message me when he returns his overnight pass?

CONCIERGE
Of course, Miss Kazemi.

The CONCIERGE smiles accordingly as Dina exits the building.

EXT. SUSITNA TOWERS / STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Dina walks out of the building and onto the city streets inhaling her vape pen. She walks briskly, crossing to the other side of the traffic as cars drive by in the rush hour.

Touching her ear, she initiates a phone call...

DINA KAZEMI
(into ear piece)
Call Jasper Martin...

Her bestie, JASPER MARTIN (40) picks up on the other end...

JASPER MARTIN (O.S.)
Hey gorgeous! You're up early...

DINA KAZEMI
Hey hon, the package just arrived.
However, I may need you to pick it up
and take the lead tonight...

JASPER MARTIN (O.S.)
Are you going round two with that guy
with the nice ass? Stud.

DINA KAZEMI
Um... no, as in never again. Just
make sure the club keeps running
smoothly if I'm not around.

JASPER MARTIN (O.S.)
For sure. You okay?

DINA KAZEMI
I'm fine. Just remember, what we're
doing is still important.

JASPER MARTIN (O.S.)
Stop stressing, I can handle a room of
addicts. See you tonight...

DINA KAZEMI
Bye Jasper...

JASPER MARTIN (O.S.)
Later kiddo.

Dina hangs up and looks at her watch.

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "8:48 a.m."

She crosses the street again before entering into a park...

EXT. DELANEY RECREATIONAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Dina walks swiftly through an old communal area of swings, trees and rusted out barbecues. Ahead of her, a group of MALE BYSTANDERS surround a picnic table made of concrete. As she moves past them, none of the men pay her any attention. They are transfixed on something else...

MOVE TO: **P.O.V. SWITCH**

We stay focused on the GROUP OF MEN while Dina continues on with her day and EXITS out of the park...

At the table, TWO PLAYERS square off in a game of chess. A BEARDED MAN (50's) contemplates his next move. Across from him sits a superior opponent... **ALEXANDER DOLAN (25)**. Alexander's posture is perfectly erect as he stares blankly at the tree tops above him. A small stack of five dollar bills are perfectly aligned next to his side of the board.

As the game continues, we observe how robotic Alexander is with his movements - stiff and specified, as if a controller were typing orders into his brain. Alexander's hands rest completely still on both sides of the board - with one finger touching the stack of bills at all times.

The crowd surrounding the players smoke *real* cigarettes while analyzing the contest. Some of them hold dollar bills in their hands in anticipation of playing the winner. As the match continues, a YOUNG BUSINESSMAN (early 30's) stops his stroll through the park and joins the action. Clearly not a chess player, he looks on with curiosity. After a moment, he makes an inquiry to an OLD BLACK MAN (70's) standing nearby.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN

Why are they playing with U.S.
currency? It's useless...

OLD BLACK MAN

Kid has a thing for the old dollar.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN

What about everyone else?

OLD BLACK MAN

What 'bout 'em? It's the kid's game.
We all show up every day to take him
down. Start at eight, end at five.
Rain, snow, light, dark.

The Bearded Player finally makes a move with his bishop. Seconds later, without looking at the board - Alexander instantly counters him by moving his queen forward.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN

You ever beaten him?

OLD BLACK MAN

Nobody has...

Alexander looks back up to the trees and starts tracing the massive branches with his finger - but none of the bystanders

pay any attention to this. They all focus on the chessboard, developing strategies on how to play against him.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN
Is he like a savant?

OLD BLACK MAN
No name for what he is...

The Bearded Player places his hand on his rook to make a move. He eyes the board as Alexander speaks to him.

ALEXANDER DOLAN
Two moves.

BEARDED PLAYER
... What?

Alexander looks back to the trees as his opponent glares at the board. His king is being flanked by Alexander's queen, rook and bishop from three angles. No matter which way he moves his king, check-mate becomes inevitable in *two moves*...

BEARDED PLAYER
But... I can still...

The Old Black Man steps away from the Young Businessman and approaches the Bearded Player.

OLD BLACK MAN
You heard him. It's over. Move along, son. My turn...

The Bearded Player stands up in defeat trying to figure out how he lost so suddenly. The Old Black Man sits down in his place and starts resetting the board.

OLD BLACK MAN (CONT'D)
Today is my day. You hear me son? I gotta' new strategy for you. And check out what I got right here...

He places a crisp five dollar bill on the board.

OLD BLACK MAN (CONT'D)
Look brand new, don't it?

Alexander cocks his head and stares at the bill. The Old Man rubs his hands in anticipation. He reaches out to make the first move as Alexander's watch BEEPS.

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "10 MINUTES UNTIL D.O.P ATTENDANCE REPORT"

He looks at the alert, then stands up and walks away.

OLD BLACK MAN (CONT'D)
Hey! Where you going??

Alexander doesn't turn around. He just leaves the cash and continues walking in the same direction as Dina...

OLD BLACK MAN (CONT'D)
I'll watch your money for you!

The Old Man turns to the group.

OLD BLACK MAN (CONT'D)
Well someone sit their ass down and play. Guess, it's my game today...

Another player sits down as the game continues...

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Alexander exits the park and veers onto G Street into downtown Anchorage. As he walks through the city we observe his behavior even more closely. Despite his small stature, Alexander seems ready to defend himself at any instant. His eyes never waver. They seem to constantly be examining his visual environment. His hair is also perfectly parted to one side and his outdated clothes are precisely ironed.

He continues moving, jostling around the local pedestrians...

JUMP TO:

Alexander turns down 8th Avenue. Ahead, he sees a LINE OF PEOPLE waiting to enter a building. A sign above reads:

CLOSE-ON SIGN: "DEPARTMENT OF PRESERVATION (NORTH SECTOR)"

He walks forward and joins the line...

EXT./INT. DEPARTMENT OF PRESERVATION - CONTINUOUS

An OUTSIDE GUARD (50's) dutifully mans the door at the

SOUTH GATE ENTRANCE

He is scanning the wristwatches of every single person before allowing them to enter in the building past him.

WEST GATE ENTRANCE

On the other side of the structure is a SEPARATE GATE. At this entrance, shuttles are dropping off PASSENGERS that seem to be gaining admittance inside without any processing.

The people waiting at the SOUTH GATE door observe this...

RETURN TO SCENE

As Alexander silently stands in line, a man directly next to him turns around to complain. This is **TIMOTHY WHITAKER (50)**. He is rail skinny with nervous energy and a high pitched voice. Tim scoffs at the shuttles...

TIMOTHY WHITAKER
Messed up, right? Taking the shuttle
allows you to skip this stupid line?
That would have been nice to know.

Alexander ignores him as he looks at his watch.

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "8:55 a.m."

TIMOTHY WHITAKER (CONT'D)
That's right pal. 5 more minutes and
we're all late! What happened to the
organization of this state?! Don't
let them fool you with all their
"techy" talk. Things are no better now
than when we we're part of America.

The line begins to slowly move forward...

TIMOTHY WHITAKER (CONT'D)
You may not believe this but I'm a
mistake. My selection is a *complete*
and utter clerical error. Wasting my
time like this!

A few people ahead turn around to look at who the loudmouth is talking. One of those who turns their head is **Dina Kazemi**. She is at the front about to be let in.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER (CONT'D)
What's even more ridiculous is that my
wife works for Horizon! High up too.
My QVS is well over 600. Well over!

Dina is let in as a MAN AT THE BACK of the line speaks up.

MAN AT THE BACK
No one gives a damn what your QVS
score is. You here now! Shut it!

Tim ignores his comment as he and Alexander get closer to the front door. He extends his hand to Alexander...

TIMOTHY WHITAKER
I'm Tim by the way. Pleasure...

Alexander doesn't respond. Weirded out, Tim turns around.

A few moments pass...

The entry to get in starts picking up speed. Tim and Alexander are next up, as the line begins to snake inside. Tim steps forward and approaches the Outside Guard, who has clearly been listening. He gives Tim a sarcastic smile.

OUTSIDE GUARD
Our system was down...

Tim motions to the Shuttle Passengers.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER
... And what about them?

OUTSIDE GUARD
They get scanned on the shuttle...

TIMOTHY WHITAKER
That needs to be communicated more clearly. Something to bring up in your next review.

He scans Tim's watch, matching his face to the I.D.

OUTSIDE GUARD
Please go in Mr. Whitaker.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER
Who do I speak to about an error?
I have no business being here.

OUTSIDE GUARD
Inside to the left.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER
But -

OUTSIDE GUARD
Inside to the left.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER
It really is an error though...

EVERYONE in line speaks up.

EVERYONE
Go inside!!!

Tim grunts his way forward as Alexander's watch is scanned...

END OF ACT IV

ACT VINT. DEPARTMENT OF PRESERVATION (MAIN ENTRANCE) - CONTINUOUS

Tim and Alexander go in as we observe the interior of the Department of Preservation. The place is clamoring with people, yet its maintenance is clean and design immaculate. The colors of the space are surprisingly vivid for a government building. The walls are covered with HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGES of the D.O.P LOGO, underscored with carefully chosen platitudes.

CLOSE-ON WALL: *"Our future begins with YOU!"*

Past the entrance doors on the sinistral side, is a group of people standing near a WALK-UP WINDOW. Above it is a sign...

CLOSE-ON SIGN: "INFORMATION/INQUIRIES"

Tim poutingly walks over to wait in yet another long line... Alexander continues forward, squinting into the main hub of the terminal. The bright lights beaming from the holographs seem to be affecting his eyesight. Ahead of him are **rows and rows of aligned seats...**

All in all there is approximately five hundred people in the location, consisting of both CITIZENS and EMPLOYEES. As many as half that number sit in the uniformed rows. The rest meander or operate a technological device. In general, the entire place looks like a **neon Department of Motor Vehicles**.

Alexander proceeds and takes a seat in the back. He pulls out tinted glasses from his pocket - puts them on to help him deal with the strong light resonating off the walls. To his left, Alexander notices an ISOLATED MAN sitting in a single metal chair in the corner of the room...

We quickly realize this to be **Jessup Beckett** (from the vertical farming tower). Jessup's right hand is MAGNETICALLY HANDCUFFED to a nearby pole. He's still passed out drunk as a new POLICE OFFICER (30) stands over him.

The perimeter of the room is completely surrounded by LAW ENFORCEMENT. Observing the space, everyone looks a bit rough around the edges. Nothing about these Citizens would lead us to think the majority comes from a fortuitous background.

Alexander places his head down to ignore the commotion. Meanwhile, our attention turns back to the Police Officer beside Jessup as his radio CLICKS on.

POLICE OFFICER
(into blue-tooth)
Copy that... standing by.

As the Officer watches over his miscreant, a DAPPER LOOKING MAN steps out of the BATHROOM directly across from him. Walking in his direction is **Vincent de la Cruz** (the janitor from an earlier shuttle). He moves past Jessup and the Officer toward seats on the opposite row of Alexander.

After sitting down, Vincent starts to rub his ailing stomach. He reaches into his jacket and takes out anti-acid pills. Chewing on one, he notices a YOUNG MAN IN A LEATHER JACKET stand up two rows in front of him. We instantly recognize that it is **Spencer Pace** (from the pigeon rooftop near the wall.) In his hand is a small electronic tablet...

CLOSE-ON: **COMPUTER TABLET**

He presses on it several times to no avail. The screen has gone to BLACK, in need of a charge. Spencer puts the pad in his pocket and exits past those sitting next to him. While stepping away from the rows of seats, he looks up to the ceiling - examining all the cameras located in the facility.

CLOSE-ON: **CAMERA SURVEILLANCE**

We continue to follow Spencer. He moves quickly into the EAST END of the building. Spencer soon finds a D.O.P. EMPLOYEE (40's) standing against a nearby wall. Approaches...

SPENCER PACE

Is there a charging station?

D.O.P. EMPLOYEE

Right past those water fountains...

Spencer continues along to the fountains maneuvering through the crowd. Upon reaching the CHARGING STATION, there are many people with devices placed onto *wireless* counters. He walks around but all the kiosks seem to be occupied. Moments later, one opens up as a GIRL WEARING HEADPHONES picks up her phone and leaves. She looks familiar to us while passing by Spencer... its **Rain Coulter** (from the suicide clinic)...

As he enters the charging booth, *we leave Spencer and follow Rain* as she makes her way towards the WEST END of the building... Rain treads past the anxious participants who are trying to find seats, as the rows are now starting to fill up. She disregards them and takes a vape pen out of her jacket. Rain doesn't inhale on it though, but rather begins searching for the designated area to smoke. Soon after, she sees a GLASS ROOM next to a wall aligned with VENDING MACHINES...

SMOKING AREA

Rain enters in as another Guard closes the door behind her. The room is clumped full of people, both standing and sitting. Some

chat with each other, but most keep to themselves taking drags. Rain bobs her head to the music playing on her headphones, trying to avoid eye contact. Attached to the interior panels are numerous signs that read:

CLOSE-ON SIGN: **"VAPE ONLY! NO CIGARETTES PERMITTED!"**

While inhaling on the pen, her attention is drawn to the beauty of a WOMAN standing up from the corner. It is **Dina Kazemi** (from Susitna Towers), who puts her own vape away. Rain secretly watches her as Dina exits the smoking area.

MAIN TERMINAL

We abandon Rain and follow Dina as she looks around the building. Suddenly, a VOICE comes over the P.A. system...

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Please take your seats. We will begin
shortly...

As she heads over to find a seat, Dina passes by the wall of vending machines next to the smoking room. Standing up from a dispensary with a bag of pretzels in his hand is **Gordon Cook** (the grandfather from suburban Anchorage.) Dina has now left our sights *as we track Gordon across the room...*

He adjusts his fedora, then strolls forward eating his pretzels. Gordon moves past hurried citizens as they all search for a chair in the central area. Up ahead of him we see a young CLERGYMAN (20's) handing out leaflets among the crowd. Some take his pamphlet, others just ignore him all together. Soon his path starts to intersect with Gordon's. As they near each other, Gordon smiles as he's offered a leaflet. He grabs it and glances at the text.

CLOSE-ON PAPER: **"MAKING YOUR PEACE WITH GOD"**

Gordon pockets the religious material and walks past the man with the clerical collar. He continues making his way near the rows of seats, but our perspective once again shifts *as we now go along with the Clergyman...*

His stack of pamphlets has almost run out. He proceeds forward to the NORTH END of the structure. Upon giving out his final leaflet, he approaches a door near the center of the building. A sign above it reads:

CLOSE-ON SIGN: **CHAPLAIN**

The Clergyman obediently enters inside...

CHAPLAIN'S QUARTERS

In the small space stands a senior CHAPLAIN (60's). His back is turned away from the Clergyman. The Chaplain's overweight frame is hunched over, which hides his face from our view.

CLERGYMAN

I'm out of flyers. Shall I hand out more or wait until after -

The Chaplain turns around revealing not only his face but a CRYING WOMAN sitting behind him. We quickly realize that she is **Amanda Butcher** (from the Apostolic Church of Anchorage.)

CLERGYMAN (CONT'D)

My apologies Father, I didn't realize you were in session...

The regretful priest grabs another stack of pamphlets and swiftly exits back to the main area. *We remain in the quarters* as the Chaplain returns his attention to Mandy.

CHAPLAIN

As I was saying, it's good to cry. We all cry, myself included. But you heard the announcement, it's now time to take a seat and let God's will be.

AMANDA BUTCHER

But I just can't do it! I thought I could, but I can't...

CHAPLAIN

Everything *will be fine*. But you must go and take a seat...

She looks at him desperately.

AMANDA BUTCHER

Will you say a prayer for me?

CHAPLAIN

Of course.

AMANDA BUTCHER

And will you sit with me while they read the names? I'm terrified to go out there...

The Chaplain thinks about it. Hesitates.

CHAPLAIN

I should stay... but okay - I'll go with you until the names are read.

AMANDA BUTCHER

Thank you!! Oh, thank you!!

Mandy smiles, then stands up as they exit out of the room...

MAIN TERMINAL

The Chaplain escorts Mandy through the diminishing crowd as most of the room is seated. They look along the rows to find a couple of empty chairs. There is nothing available near the back so they continue down toward the front aisles. The Chaplain spots a couple of openings from the anterior. They inch past their fellow citizens that are already sitting down. As they move through the aisle, the hefty Chaplain accidentally bumps into a WOMAN sitting on the end seat.

CHAPLAIN

Pardon...

She nods at him as her face is revealed to us; it's **Atka Quintero...** (the Alaskan native with an autistic son.) She sits quietly as the Chaplain and Mandy situate themselves at the other end of the row.

Silence. The room is now COMPLETELY SEATED.

Most people look down at their electronic devices. Though something has changed... the air in the place has gotten thicker. Time is running out for everyone.

Soon after, the quiet is interrupted by distant "flamingo chatter" that seems to be getting closer and closer. Everyone turns their head as TWO POLICE OFFICERS (30's) can be seen escorting chatty **Timothy Whitaker** across the room. The Officers aren't physical with him but very curt as he talks incessantly loud as they walk together.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER

(on the move)

Listen fellas, I'm sorry I called her stupid - it was a poor word choice. Especially to a woman. I've been married twenty-five years for Christ sake! No kids though.

Tim stops to emphasize a point to them.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER (CONT'D)

Another case in point, that I'm helping society!

The Officers gently nudge him forward.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER (CONT'D)
 But as I was telling her, this is a
 total error. A TOTAL error! My QVS
 is well over 600! She wouldn't even
 investigate. Unprofessional!

The Officers notice an empty chair near the right side of the
 front rows. They "guide" Tim toward it who sits down...

POLICE OFFICER #1
 Mr. Whitaker, are you going to sit and
 behave respectfully or do we need to
 apply the restraints?

TIMOTHY WHITAKER
 Restraints? No, no, no. I've said my
 peace, Officers. I will trust in the
 good of the city to erase this
 blemish. I've said my peace!

The Officers look at each other and then at Tim, who grins.

POLICE OFFICER #2
 You've been warned...

They leave Tim and head back to their post. Several sections of
 people who had been watching the scene return their attention
 elsewhere. Tim however, turns his focus to a GERIATRIC WOMAN
 (80's) with an oxygen tank next to him.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER
 You won't be believe what just
 happened to me...

We leave Tim and step back to observe a broader vantage point of
 the Department of Preservation facility...

WIDE ANGLE: FROM ABOVE

Behind the seated citizens are all of the Security Guards and
 Police Officers. They have STEPPED IN closer proximity to each
 other, *forming a circle around the perimeter of people.*

THE EXITS AND DOORS ARE NOW ALL GUARDED AND CLOSED

One by one we locate the positions of the individuals we have
 been following the entire morning...

- **Jessup Beckett** is isolated at the far back, still handcuffed
 and guarded but has groggily come to life.

- **Alexander Dolan** remains in the very last row on the left, half-
 attentive wearing his tinted glasses.

- **Vincent de la Cruz** sits on the opposite side of Alexander in the right rear quietly waiting.
- **Spencer Pace** has settled himself four rows ahead of Vincent as he types on his electronic tablet.
- **Rain Coulter** occupies a seat in the middle section near the west side entrance, listening to her headphones.
- **Dina Kazemi** sits dead center in the room looking through her purse before applying gloss to her lips.
- **Gordon Cook** still eats his pretzels several rows up from Dina on the east end of the building.
- **Amanda Butcher** remains with the Chaplain near the front, holding on to his arm while quietly reciting a prayer.
- **Atka Quintero** sits stoically in the same exact row as Mandy but on the reverse side near the aisle.
- **Timothy Whitaker** remains at the very front row still talking to the woman with the oxygen tank.

After getting a final, full grasp on everyone's location...

THE LIGHTS IN THE BUILDING BEGIN TO DIM

All of the holographic images on the walls displaying advertisements DISAPPEAR and change to a neutral color. This all culminates with a rising ORCHESTRAL SCORE that starts to play over the speakers...

Everyone in the room looks at each other with both curiosity and fear. It almost feels like we're trapped in a futuristic movie theatre. Moments later, a video starts being projected onto each and every surrounding wall. It spans across the ENTIRE INTERIOR OF THE SPACE. On the now massive screen displayed, a title sequence appears before us:

CLOSE-ON TITLE: "**SELECTION**"

Followed by... **THE D.O.P. INSIGNIA**

As the introduction ends, the images on the video are chronicled with a message by the SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION.

*It is the same **pre-recorded speech** we heard at the beginning.*
Same white void as a background that morphs into a -

CLOSE ON: **VIDEO PRESENTATION**

While the Secretary repeats the details of the "Selection Process," the carefully edited images are once again shown behind her to full effect...

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION
 Good morning. On behalf of the
 Department of Preservation, which
 represents every citizen of
 Anchorage - I want to thank you for
 your participation here today...

As the presentation is operatically displayed across the
 entirety of the room we observe the concerned faces of all
 the participants... but pause on Alexander.

The IMAGES of the presentation REFLECT OFF HIS GLASSES

As the SOUND MUFFLES to a low rumbling we...

FLASH FORWARD TO:

The end of the Secretary of Preservation's speech...

CLOSE-ON: THE SECRETARY'S FACE

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION
 However - if today you should find
 yourself in the small percentage of
 those selected, the world is indebted
 to your sacrifice. Know that you are
 a hero, like the front line soldiers
 of past world wars. Like the first
 astronauts, braving the stratosphere.

A photo comes up of Neil Armstrong during the lunar landing.

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION
We will succeed. We will look to
 the future - beyond the wall, to
 rebuild, replant and repopulate the
 world. I thank you, your family
 thanks you and humanity thanks you
 for your participation...

The Alaskan state flag, waving in the wind is seen...

As the video concludes, both the Secretary of Preservation and
 the images on the wall dissipate. The lights come back on as
 everyone looks around silently...

Moments later, a D.O.P. OFFICIAL steps up to a podium that's
 been placed in front of the seated citizenry. He wears a bland
 suit with a government badge above his pocket. Places an
electronic tablet on the podium...

D.O.P. OFFICIAL

We will now announce the names of the people participating in today's selection. There will be SIX GROUPS in total, Groups A-F. The lettering is solely based on your QVS algorithm. I will announce TEN NAMES PER GROUP.

Other OFFICIALS join him, flanking the speaker on both sides.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

When called, you will also be notified on your arm band. Behind me are two hallways leading to five separate doors. If you hear your name, please step forward and walk to your assigned door. Officials are nearby to help...

We look at the two OMINOUS HALLWAYS peering behind the main Official. Pylons keep the passageways hidden from the view of the participants. But TWO SIGNS hang in between them indicating directions. On the left it reads:

CLOSE-ON SIGN: **ROOMS A-C**

On the right side, another sign hangs:

CLOSE-ON SIGN: **ROOMS D-F**

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

If you begin to feel ill, continue toward your assigned door. Medical professionals are present and ready to assist. Do not try and exit the building until officially released.

POLICE OFFICERS on the perimeter adjust their positions.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

Security will detain you - which could lead to a dismissal from the city. Please participate in a calm, sensible manner. Group A...

We scan the room, getting glimpses of the nervous faces.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

All citizens called for Group A will report to Room A.

He points to the sign that says **ROOMS A-C**. The Official starts swiping on his electronic device. Stares at it before making his announcement...

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
Citizen Number 598311, Gordon Cook.
I repeat Gordon Cook...

CLOSE-ON: **GORDON COOK**

Our focus shifts to Gordon, whose wristwatch illuminates. He slowly stands up on the east side of the room. His face has gone pale, but he nevertheless keeps it together. Grabs his fedora and makes his way toward the front...

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
Citizen Number 813147... Rain Coulter.
Rain Coulter...

CLOSE-ON: **RAIN COULTER**

Rain gets up from her seat quicker than Gordon did. She seems less surprised. As Rain moves toward the podium, Officials point her in the correct direction. Gordon has now fully entered the hallway.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
Citizen Number 635832... Dina Kazemi.
Dina Kazemi...

CLOSE-ON: **DINA KAZEMI**

Dina's band lights up from the center of the room.

DINA KAZEMI
Shit...

She grabs her purse and heads to the front following Rain.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL
Citizen Number 767543, Alexander Dolan.
Dolan. Alexander Dolan...

CLOSE-ON: **ALEXANDER DOLAN**

Alexander stands up from the very last row. He removes his glasses and heads past the Official with no emotional reaction. He enters the hallway after Dina...

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
Citizen Number 638289, Timothy Whitaker.
Whitaker. Timothy Whitaker...

CLOSE-ON: **TIMOTHY WHITAKER**

Tim stands up from his bench THROWING UP HIS ARMS in the air.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER
Are you kidding me?!!!!

He turns to the Woman next to him with the oxygen tank.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER (CONT'D)
It's mathematically impossible!

A Security Guard approaches Tim's row...

TIMOTHY WHITAKER (CONT'D)
(to the Guard)
I'm going, I'm going!!

Tim steps out from the row as the Guard now walks with him. As he is about to move past the main Official, Tim stops.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER (CONT'D)
I don't know what kind of show your
running here pal...

The Guard grabs Tim's collar and helps him move forward.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL
Citizen Number 645939, Atka Quintero.
Atka Quintero...

CLOSE-ON: **ATKA QUINTERO**

Atka gets up from her nearby seat and quietly makes her way past the podium toward the hallway.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
Citizen Number 901321, Vincent de la Cruz.
Vincent de la Cruz...

CLOSE-ON: **VINCENT DE LA CRUZ**

We pick up on Vincent who looks stunned. He grabs his stomach and takes a deep breathe before standing up. Atka makes her way inside as Vincent goes to the front.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
Citizen Number 826662, Amanda Butcher.
Amanda Butcher...

A SCREAM is heard...

CLOSE-ON: **AMANDA BUTCHER**

Mandy is in hysterics, sobbing uncontrollably onto the Chaplain's shoulder whose sitting next to her. She doesn't move. Cries even louder. A Security Guard approaches...

SECURITY GUARD
Do you need any help Father?

The D.O.P. Official continues reading the names as the Guard gets involved with Mandy's situation...

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (O.S.)
Citizen Number 737511...

Mandy looks up at the Guard who leans over her.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (O.S) (CONT'D)
Spencer Pace...

The Chaplain pleads with Mandy as the Guard waits...

CHAPLAIN
I'll help get you to the front.

Mandy looks up at the Chaplain but still sobs.

CHAPLAIN
Come on Ms. Butcher. Have faith...

He gets her to her feet and begins gingerly walking Mandy up.

CLOSE-ON: **SPENCER PACE**

Meanwhile, we move to the other side of the room and observe Spencer. He stands up on his own but his face is twitching. He's also mumbling to himself...

SPENCER PACE
(mumbles)
Fuckin' corporate rat pedophiles, I
know your algorithm scenarios, you
sanitized assholes...

Spencer picks up his speed, walks to the front while he twitches. He gets to the hallway before Mandy does, who is still moving slowly with the Chaplain.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL
And the last for Group A is... Citizen
Number 535867, Jessup Beckett.
Jessup Beckett...

CLOSE-ON: **JESSUP BECKETT**

In the back of the room we find Jessup, still handcuffed to the pole next to a Security Officer. He looks almost... relieved.

JESSUP BECKETT
(to himself)

Didn't think he had the balls...

He looks up to the Guard.

JESSUP BECKETT (CONT'D)
Well sunshine, that's me.

The Guard glares at him before un-magnetizing him from the pole.

SECURITY GUARD
If you try anything -

JESSUP BECKETT
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Let's go...

Jessup stands as the Guard escorts him up the aisle.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (O.S.)
I will now read the names for Group E.
Group E participants will report to -

As the Speaker begins reading off the names for the next group, Jessup and the Guard turn the corner into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY / ROOM ONE - CONTINUOUS

The corridor that had remained concealed from the interior of the main room is finally seen. It's longer and wider than imagined. There are several other Guards that oversee the safety of the hallway. They stand in front of a metal detector. It almost feels like an organized TSA checkpoint.

The ten participants are in various stages of removing their phones, keys, belts, etc... The Chaplain that walked in with Mandy turns abruptly to exit the hallway.

AMANDA BUTCHER
Where are you going? Don't leave me
alone in here!!!

The Chaplain exits without responding to her...

There are THREE DOORS beyond the metal detector. THREE ROOMS. A stout African-American male makes an announcement. This is **ADRIAN WALLACE (45)**. He is the *supervisor in charge* of ROOM A.

ADRIAN WALLACE
(aloud)
Put all keys, belts and metal objects
in one of the lockers to your left.
You'll get it all back after the
selection process.

Mandy is having a full-scale panic attack. Cries...

ADRIAN WALLACE (CONT'D)
Ma'am would you like a sedative?

Spencer chimes in while putting his belongings in a locker.

SPENCER PACE
Don't let them drug you!

ADRIAN WALLACE
Its only a calming agent, you'll
retain your faculties...

Mandy nods. Adrian motions for a nearby DOCTOR (40) to come over. He gives her a pill. Meanwhile, Dina waits impatiently on the other side of the checkpoint...

DINA KAZEMI
So... what now?

ADRIAN WALLACE
Everything will be detailed inside.
Step forward and enter the room...

Each of our ten participants pass through the metal detector, one by one. Security personnel and D.O.P. Officials scan their fingerprints before guiding everyone INSIDE.

CLOSE-ON DOOR: **ROOM A**

Atka...
Rain...
Vincent...
Gordon...
Mandy...
Spencer...
Alexander...
Dina...
Tim...
Jessup...

- all walk into ROOM A and out of our sightline. Adrian then dismisses all personnel in the hallway who exit back toward the main area of the Department of Preservation.

He now stands alone in the hallway looking into the darkness. Adrian turns around and walks past the lockers. Walks past the metal detector. Then steps fully inside ROOM A and...

SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

END OF EPISODE